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A BOOK OF SONGS)

FOR

MY LITTLE SISTERS,

AND

LITTLE BROTHERS TOO.

MOSTLY TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.



2409-110

BOSTON: MUNROE AND FRANCIS.

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"I would be a Lark, and mount from the daisy-spangled sod." P. 115.



THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

O sunrise and the blooming
spring
Should happy thoughts belong,
Then Nature's voice delights to sing,
Enjoyment's powers are strong :
So, dear young friends, to you I bring
Befitting tale and song.

Ah, little children ! if ye knew
How angel-eyes, in love,

Look down upon you from the blue
Of the calm skies above,
Ye would be careful what ye do,
And eager to improve.

A joyous host, a countless band,
In robes of snowy white,
Around the throne, with harp in hand,
Take ever fresh delight,
Young tender souls to their sweet land
To beckon and invite

They sorrow o'er you suffering,
They smooth your couch of sleep,
In danger's hour they succour bring,
O'er you a watch they keep :
In you then 'twere a cruel thing
To make those blest ones weep.

Each, like yourself, a little child
Once walked this earth beneath,
Saw what you see, and talked and smiled,
Till suddenly came Death,
And graveyard turf was o'er them piled—
Cold clay—devoid of breath.

But all the good went up to God,
To dwell with him for aye ;
Their road is now a thornless road,
And bliss is theirs alway ;
To golden harps, by Him bestowed,
They carol night and day.

Brothers and sisters on that coast
Have met to part no more ;
Why then should parents, sorrow-tost,
With sighs and tears deplore ?

The lost are not forever lost—
They have but gone before.

Then keep your hearts from error free ;
Oft they look down on you ;
Your tho'ts they watch, your ways they see,
And joy when you are true.
To think that ye should wicked be,
Would their high bliss subdue.

To little children, who are pure
In thought, and word, and deed,
And shun what might to ill allure,
The Bible hath decreed
A glorious portion ever sure,
And help in time of need.

Of themes befitting simple song,
There surely is no dearth,

If we but cast our eyes along
The Sea—the Air—the Earth ;
Nor can the verse be reckoned wrong,
Which wakens harmless mirth.

Man has his seasons, and to each
Congenial thoughts pertain,
And pleasures lie in childhood's reach,
That life ne'er knows again ;
Keep then your white souls, I beseech,
From sin's polluting stain.

Creation's charms, then doubly fair
Appear ; for all is new,
And in Romance's morning air,
Like diamonds shines the dew,
Balm loads that air, no cloud of care
Dims the serene of blue.

Then never mar God's gracious plan,
But furthering his intent,
Grow up from Childhood unto Man,
Through cheerful years well spent ;
shall Life's eve be like its dawn,
Serene and innocent.

THE ANGELS' SONG.



ARK, baby, the angels,—
They are singing to you ;
High and low
The full notes go,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD.

LITTLE GIRL.

 SWEET Bird, why take you so
early a flight,
Carolling thus in the sun's first light ?

BIRD.

“ I sing God's praise for life renew'd,
And thus I show my gratitude.
Always has this sweet taste been mine ;
Is it not, little Girl, also thine ?”

And ever so loud in the air sang he,
And ever so glad on the earth went she ;

His wing was strong, her heart was light,
In the lovely morn with its sun so bright ;
And God in heaven deign'd to bless
Their offering of thankfulness.





THE OWL.

THE Owl he hath an earnest look,

He studieth much I fear ;

For he never leaveth his hollow tree

Till the dark night draws near.

In darkest night he opes his eyes,

But nought by day can see ;

So all the birds, tho' they know him wise,

Dislike his company.

LAUS DEO.



O creature on the earth
Is scorned by God above ;
All owe to Him their birth,
To all He shows His love.

Not man alone
His care doth own ;
The bird sweetly singing,
The fish swiftly springing,
The honey-bee
The mouse so wee,
All in their own appointed ways,
Unite to hymn their Maker's praise.

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE.

FOX.

Mrs. Goose, it is such pleasant weather,
We ought to take a walk together.



GOOSE.

Mr. Fox, I prefer to remain at home.
Just now 'twas so fine I was tempted to
roam ;
But since you've been standing near my
door,
I don't think it so fine as it was before.

The weather was fine enough, 'twas true,
The sun was shining, the sky was blue ;

But the Goose, you must know, was a little afraid,
For she knew what tricks master Fox had played ;
And had she consented with him to roam,
She would certainly never again see home.



NOW, MAIDENS, WE PRESS ON
YOUR NOTICE A LESSON.



HE finest cloth that man can sell,
Wears out when years are past,
The pitcher oft goes to the well,
But it is broke at last,—
And both alike this moral tell,
Virtue alone stands fast.

THE ORPHAN.

I.

AM a poor and orphan child,
Father and mother both are dead ;
The cold and hunger drive me wild,
My clothes are rags...I have no bread.

II.

O ye, who rich and happy are,
And blest with parents fond and good,
Give me, I pray, some clothes to wear,
A morsel too of wholesome food.

A PRAYER FOR A PURE HEART.



I.

ORD ! make me a clean heart
within ;

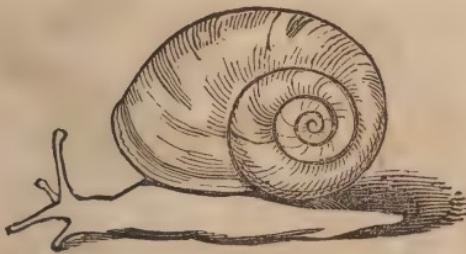
Close my soul's door 'gainst every sin ;
Drive all things evil from my breast,
Let no ill spirit in me rest.

II.

To Thee my gate I open wide,
O come, and with me, Lord, abide !
All wickedness far from me chase,
And make my heart Thy dwelling-place.

III.

And grant me, Lord, through faith, to see
The bliss of heaven prepared for me ;
That I forever may be Thine,
Hear, gracious God, this prayer of mine !



WHAT A CHILD HAS.



HE Snail, see, has a house :
A fur coat has the Mouse :
The Sparrow has its feathers
brown ;
The Butterfly its wings of down.

Now tell me, darling, what have you ?
“ I have clothes, and on each foot a shoe ;
Father and mother, life and glee,
So good has God been unto me.”



THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.
CUCKOO has dropt down dead,
From the hollow willow tree ;
Who shall the summer hours beguile
With pleasant minstrelsy ?

II.

To the slender twig in the thicket green,
Dame Nightingale shall come ;
And merrily will she hop and sing,
When other birds are dumb.



A BOY'S DUTY.



LL good boys must every day
What their teacher says obey,
Pray and sing, and read and
write—

These make heart and spirit light ;
And, with the grace of God, each can
Thus become a worthy man.



THE FISHERMEN.

FISHERMEN show their patience
good,
Afloat or on the strand,
Whether they sail on the clear
bright flood,
Or wade in the mud and sand.

Dripping they come from the running
brook,

The breeze their garments dries ;
The sea tempts them—and their baited
hook

Tempting that which in it lies.

What's that ?—Hush !

A hare in a bush ?

No, no. Well !

A snail in a shell ?

No—I guess

A silver fish. Yes.



NOW LISTEN TO A SPORTSMAN'S FUNNY TALE,
HOW ONCE ITS LOT A RABBIT DID BEWAILE.



N a wood where beasts can talk,
I went out to take a walk.
A rabbit, sitting in a bush,
Peeped at me, and then cried, Hush !
Presently to me it ran,
And its story thus began :—

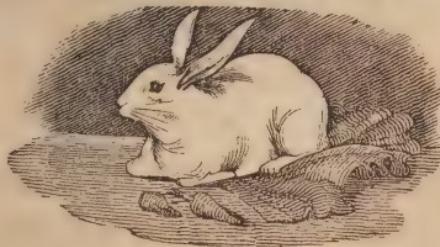
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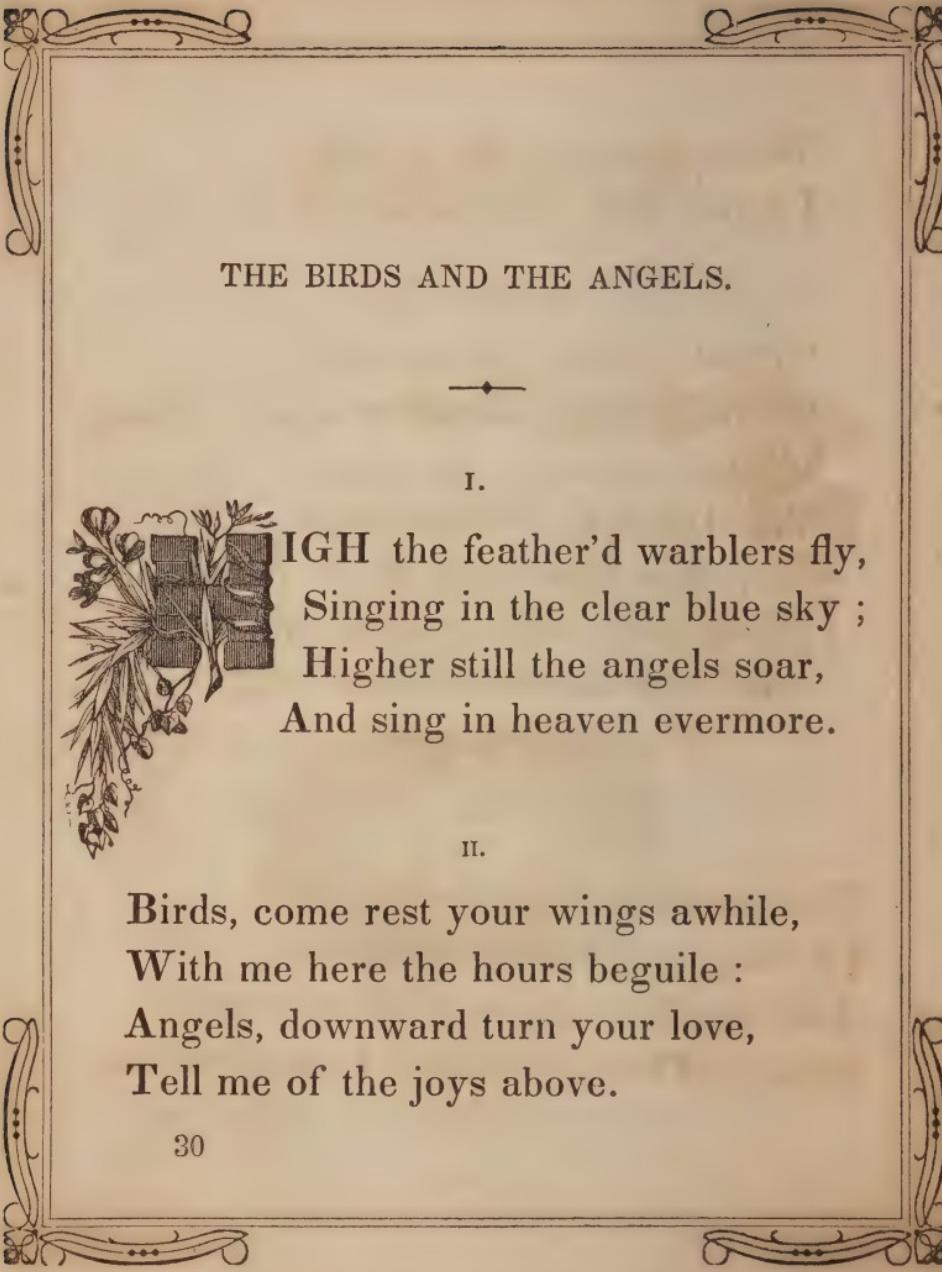
“ You have got a gun, I see ;
Perhaps you'll point it soon at me,
And when I am shot, alack !
Pop me in your little sack.

When upon my fate I think,
I grow faint, my spirits sink.”

III.

“ Pretty rabbit, do not eat
Gardener’s greens nor Farmer’s wheat.
If such thieving you begin,
You must pay it with your skin.
Honestly your living get,
And you may be happy yet.”





THE BIRDS AND THE ANGELS.

I.



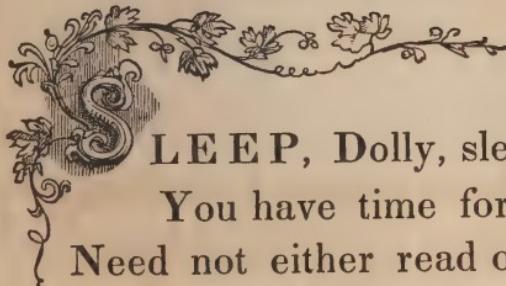
IGH the feather'd warblers fly,
Singing in the clear blue sky ;
Higher still the angels soar,
And sing in heaven evermore.

II.

Birds, come rest your wings awhile,
With me here the hours beguile :
Angels, downward turn your love,
Tell me of the joys above.

THE DOLL'S CRADLE SONG.

I.



SLEEP, Dolly, sleep,
You have time for a nap,
Need not either read or write,
May remain both day and night
In your night gown and your cap.

II.

That you may have a quiet sleep,
I'll sing to you about Bo-peep ;
And then I'll tell you of Goosey-gander,
Who with Wiggle-waggle loves to wander.

OUR FATHER.

I.

ROM the angels' dwelling,
High in heaven above,
Comes a whisper, telling
Children God is love.

II.

Graciously he heareth
Night and day their prayer ;
Father-like appeareth
His unceasing care.

III.

He with hand paternal
Gives their daily bread ;
Helps from foes infernal ;
Lifts the drooping head.

IV.

In His Scripture truly
Is this promise set—
Those who serve Him truly,
Ne'er will He forget.



THE TOYMAN.

I.



HE Toyman comes from Germany,
His shop contains rich stores ;
Both dwarfs and giants there you see,
And Turks, and Jews, and Moors.

II.

And there a prancing steed I 'spy,
Bearing a haughty knight,
Whose castle crowns the rock on high,
With grate and drawbridge bright.

III.

A curious wooden figure begs
A nut to crack beneath ;

He spreads his arms and sprawls his legs,
And shows his monstrous teeth.

IV.

Seeking his prey, his very glance
Has something savage in it ;
Ho ! nuts from England, Spain and France,
I'll crack you in a minute.

V.

And here a regiment appears
Of lancers and hussars !
And there a file of grenadiers,
With banners from the wars.

VI.

Drums, trumpets, pistols, swords and guns,
With fifes and marching band ;
The boy who to the Toyman runs,
May have them from his hand.

VII.

Rocking and hobby horses stand
Hard by for boys to ride ;
And there, for girls, doll's houses grand,
And furniture beside.

VIII.

With jointed dolls, so slim and spruce,
And sofas, chairs, and settles ;
And tea-things bright for Dolly's use,
And tubs, and pails, and kettles.

IX.

And near a sheepfold, all complete,
With shepherd, dog, and flock,
A Merry-Andrew stands, whose feet
Can give his head a knock.

X.

The Toyman makes him scratch his ear,
And preach a sermon after ;

Whilst he a roguish look doth wear,
As if he'd burst with laughter.

xI.

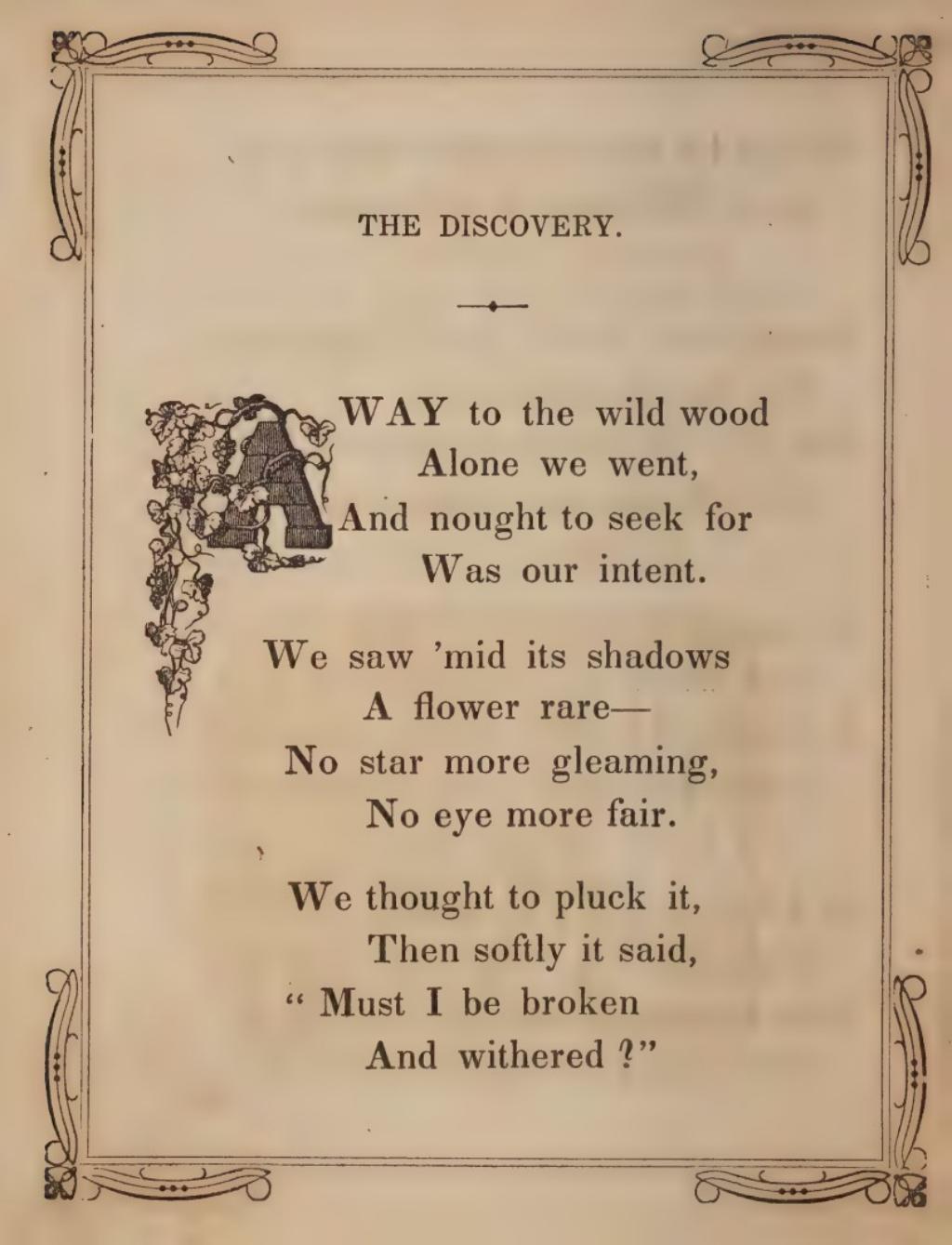
Seeing such things, the children join
To raise a joyous cry :
But they whose purse is bare of coin
Can no fine playthings buy.

xII

O happy Toyman ! if I had
The wealth that in this place is,
I would not stand and look so sad,
And make such queer grimaces.

xIII

If I had every pretty thing
That you see round you daily,
Like to a merry bird I'd sing,
And snap my fingers gaily.



THE DISCOVERY.



WAY to the wild wood
Alone we went,
And nought to seek for
Was our intent.

We saw 'mid its shadows
A flower rare—
No star more gleaming,
No eye more fair.

We thought to pluck it,
Then softly it said,
“ Must I be broken
And withered ?”

Its roots far spreading
We raised with care,
And home we brought it,
That flower rare.

In our quiet garden
We found it room ;
Where now it groweth
In beauteous bloom.





AND NOW I WILL TELL, YOUR ATTENTION TO JOG,
WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAID TO HIS LITTLE DOG.

BOY.

COME here, little Puppy, and cease
those cries,
'Tis time to begin your exercise.

PUPPY.

O, master, I am but a little Pup,
I can learn much better when I am grown

BOY.

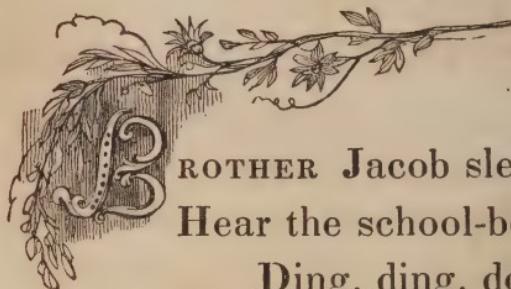
No, Puppy, 'tis best to begin, d'ye see,
For the longer you wait, the harder 'twill be.

The puppy soon learnt. 'Twas a pleasant
sight,
To see him both sit and stand upright ;
Then into the water he learnt to spring,
And back to his master a stick to bring.

The little boy saw what the puppy could do
So he worked hard, and was clever too.

BROTHER JACOB.

L

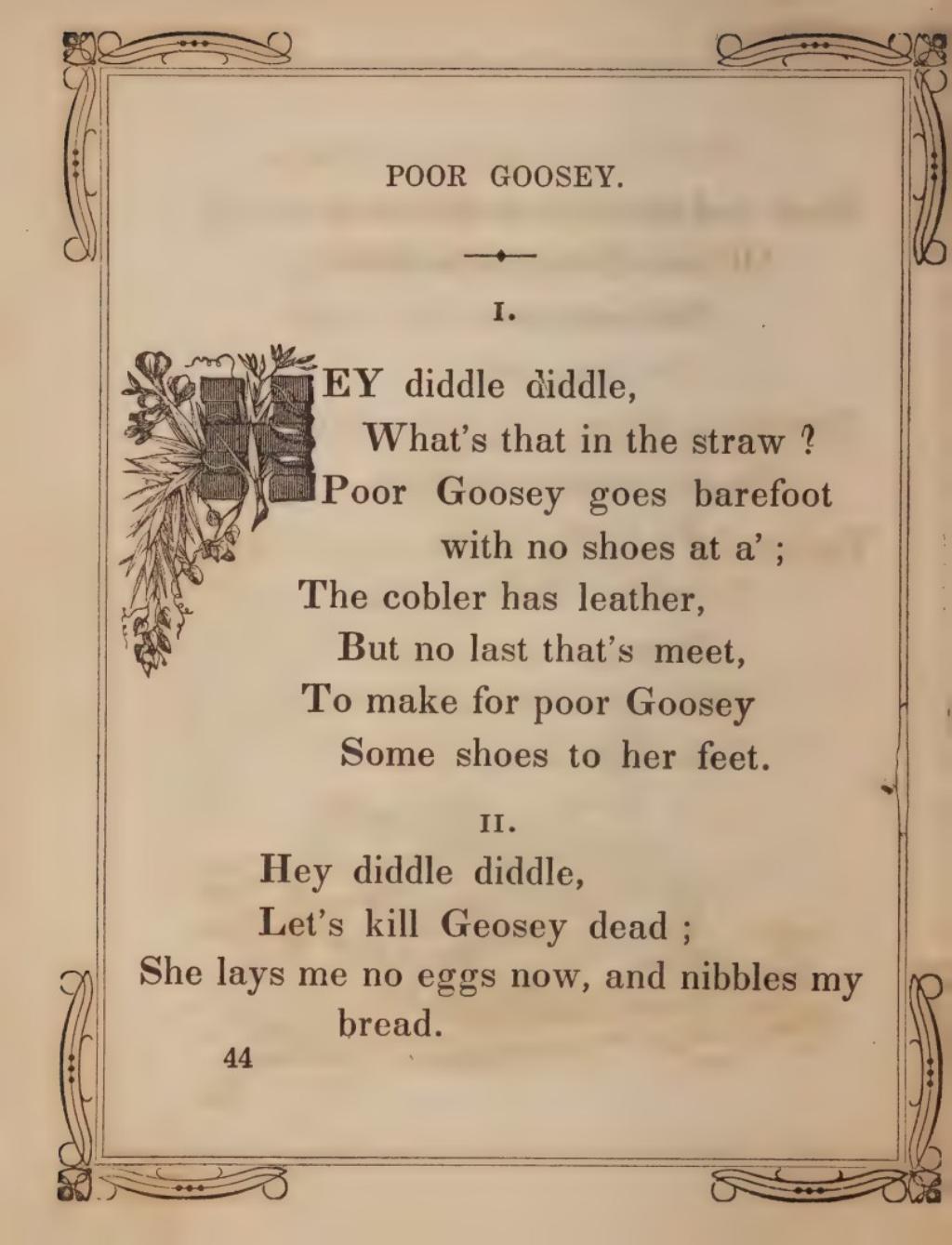


BROTHER Jacob sleeping now ?
Hear the school-bell ringing ;
Ding, ding, dong !
Ding, ding, dong !
You're a lazy lout, I trow,
To your pillow clinging ;
Dullest ass
In the class.

II.

Sleep and make your cheeks more red,
All your thoughts bestowing
On see-saw,
Top and taw,
Dream of cakes and gingerbread
On the hedges growing.
So good night,
Lazy wight.





POOR GOOSEY.

I.



EY diddle diddle,
What's that in the straw ?
Poor Goosey goes barefoot
with no shoes at a' ;
The cobler has leather,
But no last that's meet,
To make for poor Goosey
Some shoes to her feet.

II.

Hey diddle diddle,
Let's kill Geosey dead ;
She lays me no eggs now, and nibbles my
bread.

We'll pluck off her feathers
And make a nice bed,
On which my dear Dolly
Shall lay down her head.

III.

Hey diddle diddle,
Some trouble 'twill take
To beg for a penny to buy me a cake :
I'll sell my bed, and lie
Down in the night,
With no feathers to prick me,
And no fleas to bite.



THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

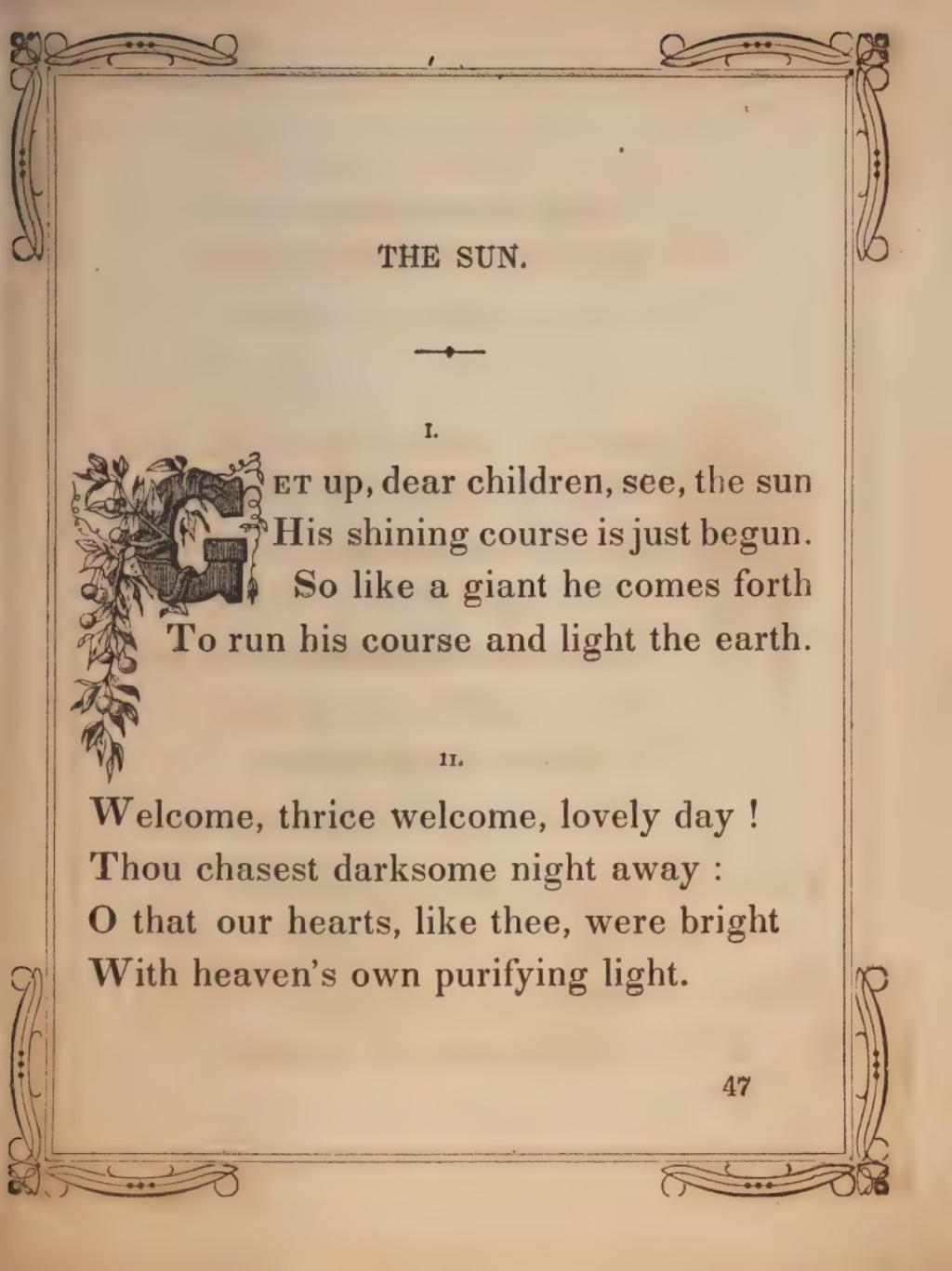


HE boy climb'd up in the tree
so high—

Who could go higher ? In truth
not I.

Bravely he strides
Over branch and bough ;
Softly he slides
To the bird's nest now.

“ I have it ! Ha ! ”
The bough breaks—ah !
He tumbles down
And cracks his crown.



THE SUN.

I.



ET up, dear children, see, the sun
His shining course is just begun.

So like a giant he comes forth
To run his course and light the earth.

II.

Welcome, thrice welcome, lovely day !
Thou chasest darksome night away :
O that our hearts, like thee, were bright
With heaven's own purifying light.

THE FARM YARD.

I.



HE hen sometimes comes out
and does
A noisy cackling make,
The housewife understands and
goes
The new laid egg to take.

II

The cock, at early morn, the men,
Master, and maids, awakes ;
They turn and stretch themselves, and then
Snooze on till daylight breaks.

III.

The bairns wake not—each little phiz
Is fast in slumber bound ;
They think, of all things, good sleep is
The best that can be found.

IV.

Let rest due strength and vigor bring,
Then be your tasks begun ;
There is a time for every thing
Beneath the glorious sun.



MORNING SONG.

—

I.



WITH the dawn awaking,
Lord, I sing thy praise ;
Guide me to Thee, making
Me to know thy ways.

II.

All thy precepts keeping
Whole and undefiled,
Waking, Lord, or sleeping,
Let me be thy child.

CRADLE SONG.



I.

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee ;
Sleep, baby, sleep !

II.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess :
Sleep, baby, sleep !

III.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Our Savior loves his sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

IV.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
I'll buy for thee a sheep,
With a golden bell so fine to see,
And it shall frisk and play with thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

V.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
And cry not like a sheep ;

Else will the sheep-dog worry and whine,
And bark at this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

VI.

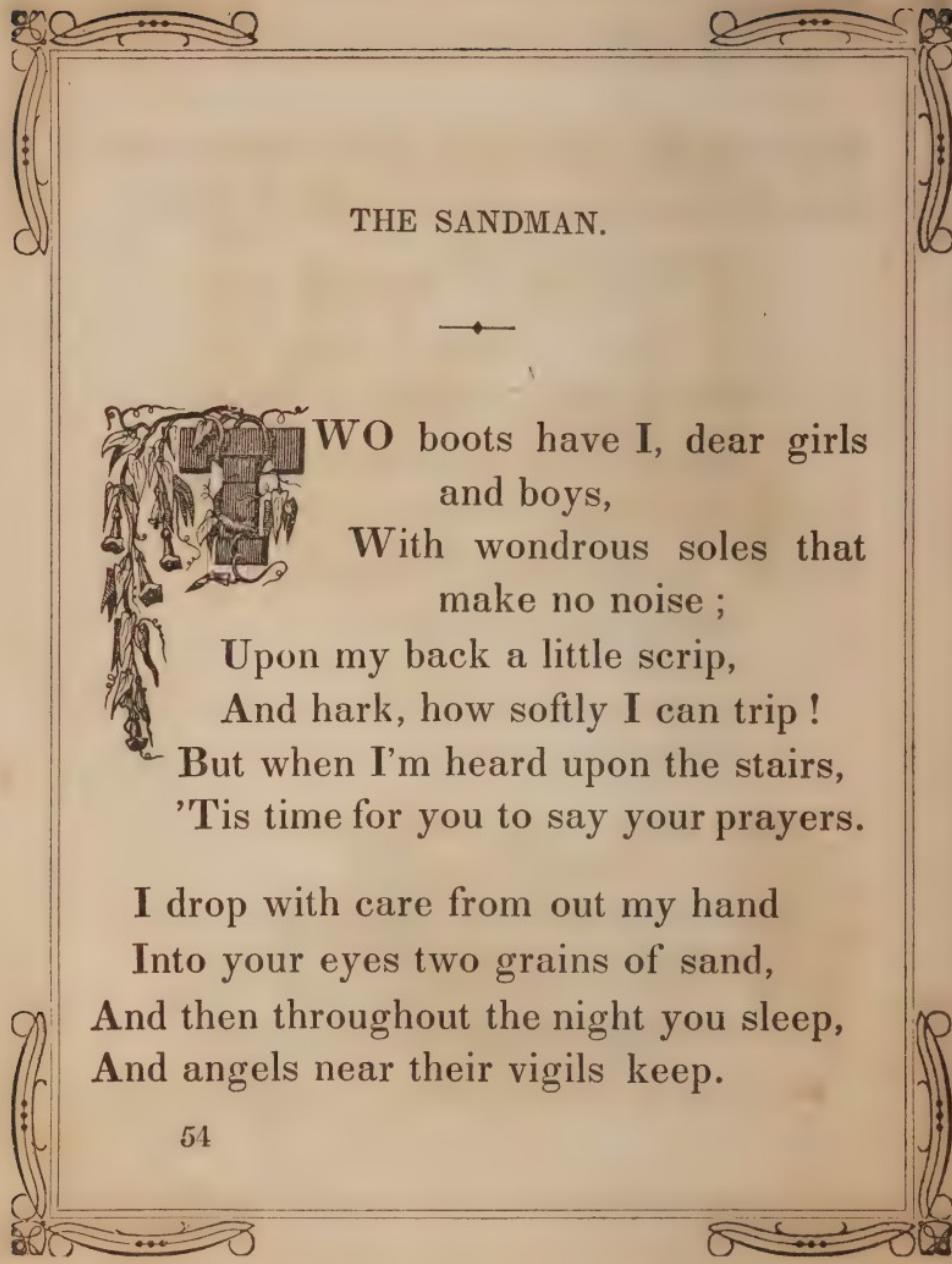
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Away ! and tend the sheep.

Away, thou black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child.

Sleep, baby, sleep !





THE SANDMAN.

WO boots have I, dear girls
and boys,

With wondrous soles that
make no noise ;

Upon my back a little scrip,

And hark, how softly I can trip !

But when I'm heard upon the stairs,

'Tis time for you to say your prayers.

I drop with care from out my hand

Into your eyes two grains of sand,

And then throughout the night you sleep,

And angels near their vigils keep.



TO A BIRD.

I.

N the azure sky,
Over mountains high,
Thy song sounds thro' air's dominions.

And now thou dost hover
The blue seas over,
To cool there thy rushing pinions.

II.

Through the sweeping cloud,
Near the torrent loud,
Thou canst fly o'er the wind victorious :
Or with sudden swoop
To the valley stoop ;
Oh thy life, happy Songster, is glorious !



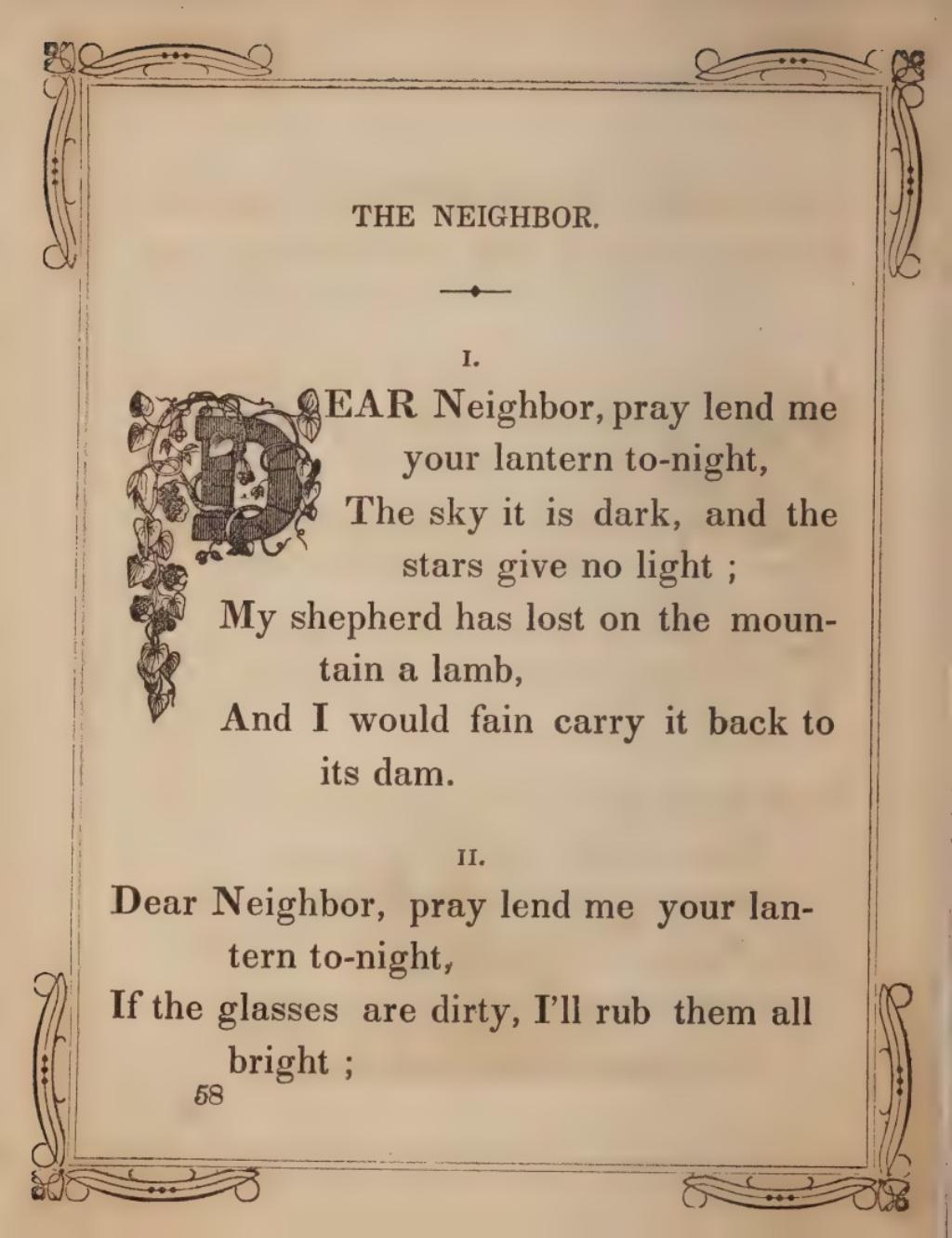
GOOD NIGHT.

I.

OW good night ! lay thy head
On its pillow of roses,
And sweet smelling posies,
And lie down in bed ;
If God pleases, with the day
Thou shalt rise again and play.

II.

Now good night ! O'er thy sleep
Holy angels, filled with love,
Bringing visions from above,
Their calm watch shall keep ;
Thou shalt dream of joys divine,
Slumber sweetly, baby mine,



THE NEIGHBOR.

I.

DEAR Neighbor, pray lend me
your lantern to-night,
The sky it is dark, and the
stars give no light ;
My shepherd has lost on the moun-
tain a lamb,
And I would fain carry it back to
its dam.

II.

Dear Neighbor, pray lend me your lan-
tern to-night,
If the glasses are dirty, I'll rub them all
bright ;

And if one is broken, why never mind that,
I'll cover the hole with the brim of my hat.

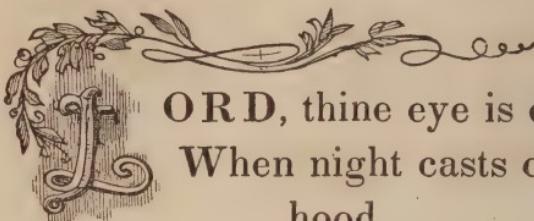
III.

And then in return I to help thee will come,
When you from the ale-house again toddle home ;
I'll keep you from stumbling 'mid darkness and storm,
And bring you home safely, and wrap you up warm.



AN EVENING PRAYER.

I.



ORD, thine eye is closed never,
When night casts o'er earth her
hood,

Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like the shepherd good,
Who, through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power.

II.

Grant, O Lord, that we, thy sheep
May this night in safety sleep ;
And when we again awake,
Give us strength our cross to take,

And to order all our ways
To Thine honor and Thy praise.

III.

Or if Thou hast willed that I
Must before the morning die,
Into Thy hands to the end,
Soul and body I commend.

Amen.



THE WATCHMAN.



LL around is darksome night ;
Thro' the streets till morning
Goes the Watchman—lonely
wight !—

Wind and weather scorning.
Silence ! Hist !
List, boys, list !

II.

“ Hark and mark, young masters mine !
Talking won’t avail ye,
Now the clock is striking nine,
Off to bed go gaily ;
Till morning bright
Puts out my light,
And makes the stars burn palely.

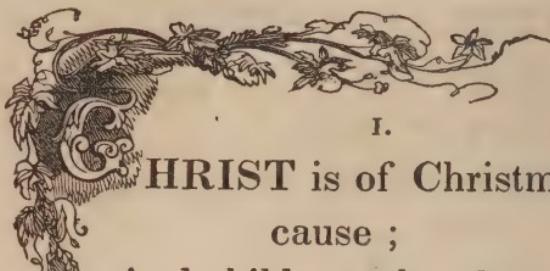
III

“ But then cheerfully arise
In the morning early ;
Briskly wash both ears and eyes,
That your senses clearly
May discern
How to learn,
And no rod tickle you queerly.

IV.

“ Misses all and masters mina !
A last good wish I send you—
Moon and stars all calmly shine,
Sleep—and God defend you.
Far and nigh
May His eye
Compassionately tend you.”

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



I.

CHRIST is of Christmas gifts the cause ;
And children who obey his laws,
Who to their elders reverence bear,
Are neat and clean, and learn with care,
At early morn their warm beds leave,—
Such children will his gifts receive.

II.

But children who their parents scorn,
Who do not pray at early morn,
Who snarl and fight with one another,

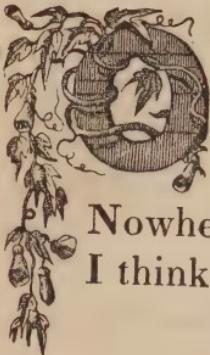
With sister or with little brother,—
In short, all those who are not good,—
Shall all be carried to the wood,
Bundled together in a sack,
And tumbled pell mell off Nick's back,
Among the savage wolves and bears,
Where for their crying no one cares.



GAURDIAN ANGELS.

HEN good children go to sleep,
Then wake up the stars so bright,
And the holy angels keep
Watch through all the livelong night.
Down from heaven they descend,
All good children to befriend.

THE VIEW IN THE MILL.



NE—TWO—THREE—

Merry boys are we.
Clipper, clapper, peppercorn,
The miller's wife is all forlorn ;
Nowhere is she to be found,
I think she has vanished from off the
ground.

Look at the mill now, what do you see ?
The mice from the window peep at me ;
The stork is stirring the soup with a spoon ;
The cat is sweeping the floor with a broom ;
To carry the dust the rat is come ;
The dog sits up and beats the drum.

A little man sits the eaves beneath,
And nearly has laughed himself to death.

THE ARCHER.

—

I.

BOW and Arrow bearing,
Over hill and dale,
Lo, the archer daring,
Bids the morning hail.



II.

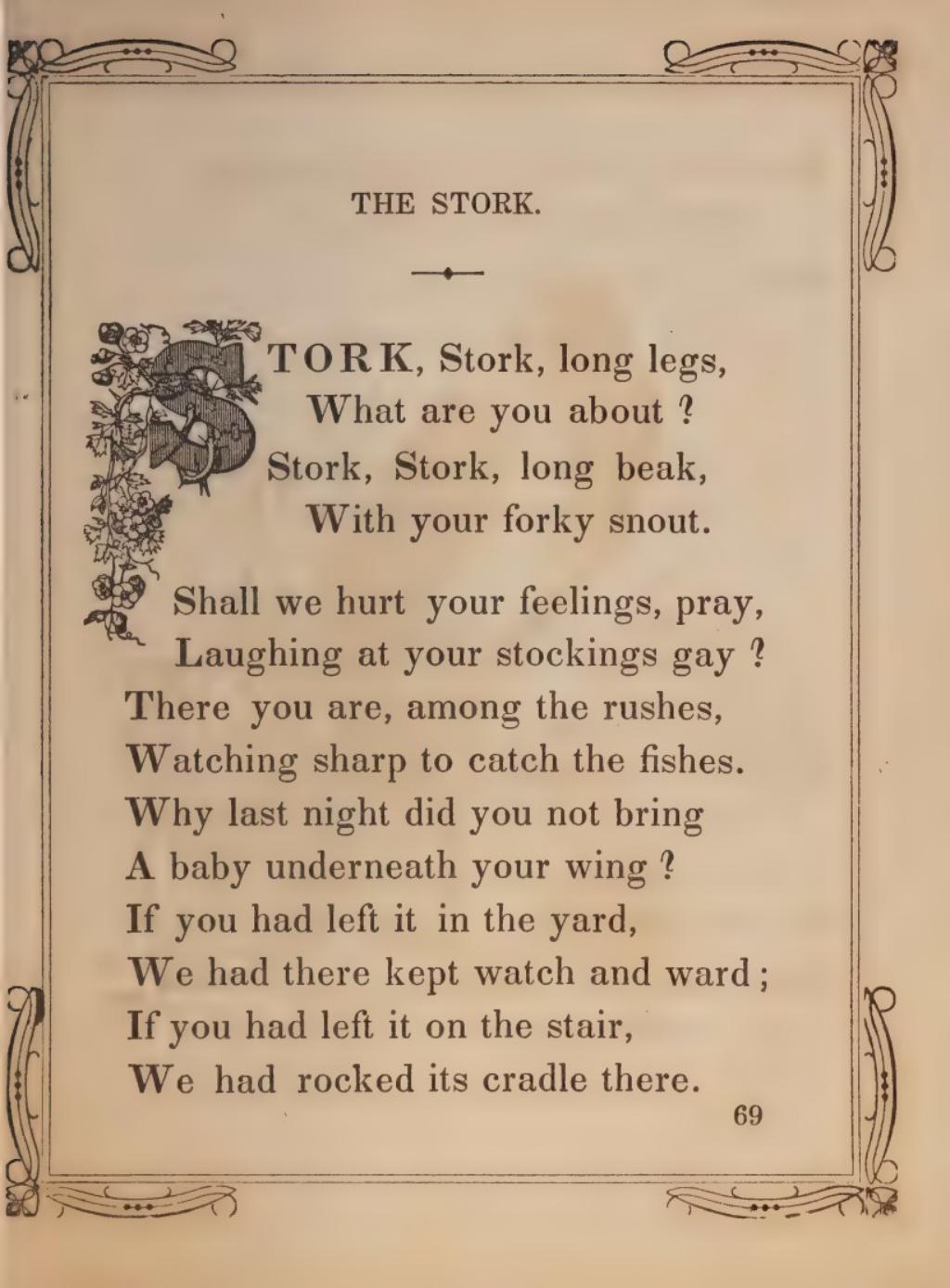
As the eagle soaring
Seems a king to be,
To the wilds exploring,
Like a king goes he.

III.

He rules o'er the distance,
Where his arrows fly ;
Vain is all resistance,
Beast or bird must die.

THE STORK.





THE STORK.



TORK, Stork, long legs,
What are you about ?
Stork, Stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

Shall we hurt your feelings, pray,
Laughing at your stockings gay ?
There you are, among the rushes,
Watching sharp to catch the fishes.
Why last night did you not bring
A baby underneath your wing ?
If you had left it in the yard,
We had there kept watch and ward ;
If you had left it on the stair,
We had rocked its cradle there.

But since you have nothing brought,
Mind what you're about ;
Stork, Stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

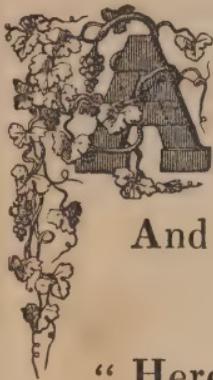
NOW, MY DEARS, I'D HAVE YOU KNOW,
WHAT WAS SAID BY LITTLE JOE.

JY name's little Joe,
Very little I know.
Mother, to me a story tell,
And I will try to learn it well.
So when I'm asked another day,
I may then with courage say,—

“ My name's little Joe,
A fine story I know.”



COME HITHER AND LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU A TALE
OF A HORSEMAN WHO RIDES OVER MOUNTAIN AND VALE.



I.

GALLANT steed, with a rider tall,
Halted beneath a castle wall ;
To the window did the lady come
And said, "my lord is not at home."

II.

" Here there is none to welcome you
Save me alone, with my children two."
The horseman cried from out the wood,
" Are your children gentle ? Are they good ? "

III.

The Lady said, with a heavy sigh,
" Ah, no such happiness have I !

My children follow evil ways,
And heed not what their mother says."

IV.

Then spoke the horseman—frowning too—
‘ They shall their naughty conduct rue ;
‘ I may not with such children stay,
‘ Who their kind parents disobey.

V.

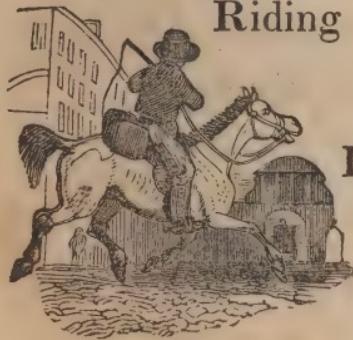
‘ Nor can I give them toys or rings,
‘ Nor make them glad with pretty things ;
‘ Such gifts I keep for children who
‘ Are good, and what they’re bidden do.’

VI.

So spoke the horseman in his wrath,
And spurr’d his horse along the path ;
And the gallant steed with his rider tall
Passed far away from the castle wall.

THE COURIER.

A HAPPY life doth the courier lead,
Riding all day on a gallant
steed.



His spurs are the brightest
that can be worn,
And merrily rings his
lusty horn.

And hill and valley echo back
The noise of his long whip's sounding
crack.

O if a courier I might be,
I'd gallop away right merrily ;
Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !



ROUND RING.

RING, round ring,
The children sing.

Under the holly bush,
All cry out, Hush ! hush ! hush !

Hear our call,
Sit down all.

There sat in a ring a lady tall,
And round her seven children small.

What like they to eat ?
Fish so fine.

What to drink ? Neat
Currant wine.

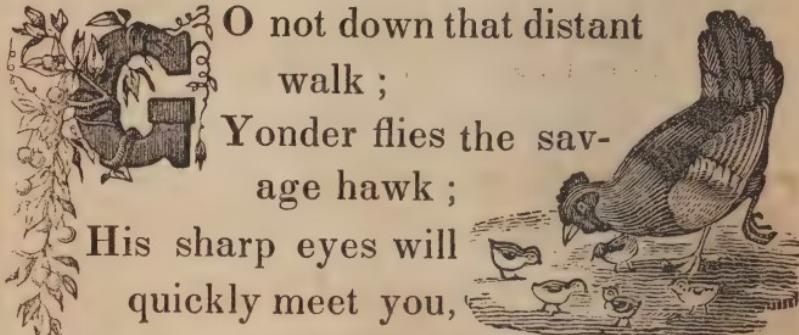
Hear our call,
Sit down all.



THE OBSTINATE CHICKEN, WHOSE FATE SO GORY,
MAKES THIS A MELANCHOLY STORY.

HEN.

O not down that distant
walk ;
Yonder flies the sav-
age hawk ;
His sharp eyes will
quickly meet you,
If you go, I'm sure he'll eat you.

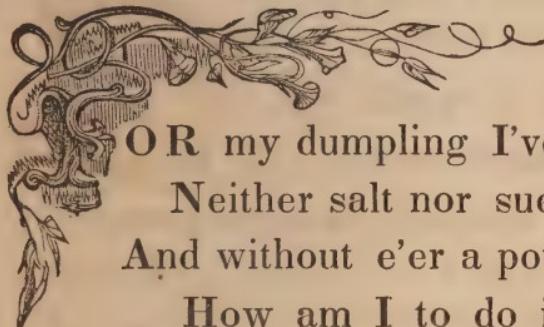


CHICKEN.

Naughty hawk is far away,
I may safely go and play ;
If he come, my legs will bring
Me beneath your sheltering wing.

So it skipt off in a trice,
Scorning mother's good advice ;
And when it thought at home to sup,
Down came hawk and gobbled it up.

THE BEWILDERED COOK.



OR my dumpling I've got
Neither salt nor suet ;
And without e'er a pot
How am I to do it ?
To the potter I will go,
Another pot to buy, you know.
While I am running through the town
A little hunchback knocks me down.



THE PRESENT.

I.

H EAVEN bless my little Jessie !
I've been walking in the wood ;
For you I've found a bird, Jessie ;
It would leave me if it could.
Will you then accept a present ?
Take it, Jessie, kindly take !
It will ever sing a pleasant
Cheerful song for thy dear sake.

II.

With one favor may I task you ?

Yes—you'll grant it, I'll engage.

For the little bird I ask you

Just to buy a little cage.

And don't forget, now that 'tis caught, a

Little trough to hold its seed,

Another little trough for water,

And a happy life 'twill lead.



THE ROCKING HORSE.

I.



HA, ha, he !
My fine pony see !
With his rider rearing, pran-
cing,
Not a single step advancing.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, he !
My fine pony see.

II

Skip, jump, hop !
Stop, my pony, stop !
Ere again so gaily spring we,
We a feed of corn will bring thee.
Skip, and jump, and hop,
Stop, my pony, stop.

III.

Well-a-day !

Pony eats no hay ;

We will buy some oats or borrow,
Then he'll trot right well to-morrow.

O dear ! well-a-day !

Pony eats no hay.



WINTER AND THE CHILDREN.

OLD Winter, in his coat so white,
Is knocking at the door tonight.



CHILDREN.

Ah, Mr Winter, is that you?
We're not glad to see you,
but how d'ye do ?
We thought you a long
way off, you know ;
And here you are, all
covered with snow.

But since you are come, you may just as
well

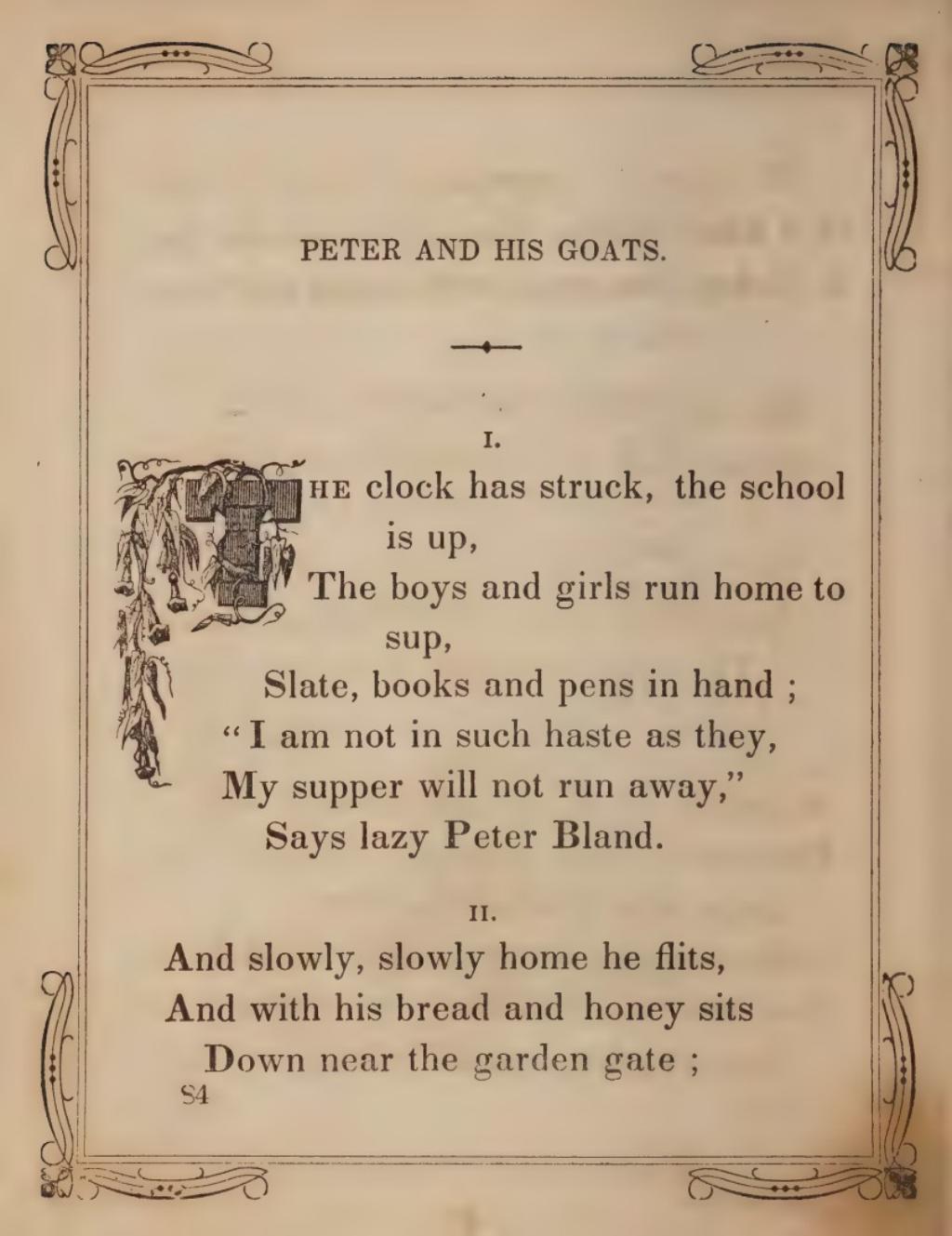
What you have bro't for us children tell.

WINTER.

O, I have brought you some presents fine,
A Merry Christmas with cakes and wine.

Plenty of nice
Smooth slippery ice,
Now you may slide,
And make snowballs beside,
And soon you can
Make up a snow man.





PETER AND HIS GOATS.

I.



HE clock has struck, the school
is up,
The boys and girls run home to
sup,
Slate, books and pens in hand ;
“I am not in such haste as they,
My supper will not run away,”
Says lazy Peter Bland.

II.

And slowly, slowly home he flits,
And with his bread and honey sits
Down near the garden gate ;

He hears his poor goats' plaintive cry,
“Aha! you're hungry—so am I,
And you, my friends, must wait.”

III.

He eats his supper at his ease;
Some fruit too would his palate please
If he knew how to take it;
But ah! it drops not 'twixt his teeth,
And 'twere hard work to stand beneath
The apple-tree and shake it.

IV.

At length the goats' complaining call
Disturbs his rest, and to their stall
Right slowly strolls the lout;
“Ah, lazy beasts, you sought fresh food,
You should have seized it while you could,
Now you must go without.”

v.

So says he—and so said, so done,
He harnesses in turn each one,
The black goat and the white ;
The wagon's in the court hard by,
He yokes the hungry beasts, who try
The very trees to bite.

vi.

“ See what a wagoner I be !”
He cries, and urging rapidly
His weary beasts, they pass
Out through the gate, across the fields
To where the spacious meadow yields
Its store of new mown grass.

vii.

And while he loads his wagon, lo !
The farming man, who long ago
Came home, now looks about ;

Nowhere the wagon can he see,
And so he grumbles moodily,
“ Who dared to take it out ?”

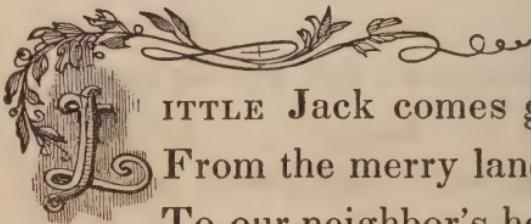
VIII.

He shuts the gate ; but on the road
He hears a cracking whip ; their load
The goats can hardly drag on :
Peter the Lazy—not the Great—
Is singing, “ Open wide the gate,
I’m coming with my wagon.”



FOR BOYS AT PLAY.

I.



LITTLE Jack comes gaily running
From the merry land of funning ;
To our neighbor's house retreats,
From the pot the honey eats ;
Leaves the spoon within it sticking,
Who will give the spoon a licking ?
Who, boys, who ?

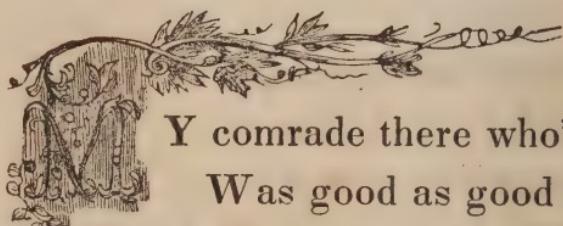
II.

We a wager bold will lay,
Of three chains of gold so gay,
And of wine a measure small,
That it will be, of us all,
You, Jack, you..

WHEN THE SNAIL IN ITS SHELL KEEPS STILL ITS HEAD,
LITTLE BOY, YOU ALSO, MUST GO TO BED.

SNAIL, put your horns out quick, I say,
Or I will crack your shell so gay,
Or I will throw you in yon
deep ditch,
Where you may hear the  raven screech ;
Or I will fling you behind the house,
To be nibbled at by a hungry mouse ;
Or I will seek the deepest of bogs,
And leave you to fatten the toads and frogs.
Out with your horns, Snail, quick I say,
Out with your horns, Snail, while you may.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.



Y comrade there who's wounded,
Was good as good could be ;
He, when the trumpet sounded,
Where peril most abounded,
Kept step, and marched with me.

There came a bullet flying,—
Must he or I be slain ?

It struck him — there he's lying,
Close by my feet he's dying,
Upon the blood-stain'd plain.

Our lot that ball did sever ;
Henceforth, where'er I be,
My eye can see him never,
And so farewell forever,
My comrade brave, to thee.



NOW HEAR BEHIND THE ARM CHAIR'S BACK,
A SERMON PREACHED BY LITTLE JACK.



SWORD and a gun,
The sermon's begun ;
A cow and a calf,
You now have heard half ;
A cock and hen dead,
The sermon is said.

Now go home, good people all,
And hold a feast both great and small.

Have you ought ?

Now eat it.

Have you nought ?

Forget it.

If you have plenty, be not greedy,
But share it with the poor and needy ;
If you have little, take good care
To give the little birds a share.



THE BEE.

SEE how the laboring honey bee
 Both late and early flies ;
Each flower she visits carefully,
 And every blossom tries.

Busily goes she, far and wide,
 And, with industrious care,
Doth in the summer tide
 Her winter food prepare.

WHAT I SHOULD NOT LIKE.

I WOULD not, for a thousand pound
 To lose my head consent ;
For then I should run round and round,
 Not knowing where I went.

The people all who walked about
Would stare, I bet a guinea,
And say, ‘Hilloa, good folks look out !
There goes a silly ninny !’

NOW LIST TO WHAT THE LAZY MAID
TO BABY IN THE CRADLE SAID.

 AM thinking, night and day,
That mine’s a weary place ;
With a fan I drive the flies
From off the baby’s face.

II.

While the rest are dancing gay,
I must by the cradle stay,
On its rocking fix my thought ;
Sleep, you little good-for-nought !

[From the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham.]

OF THE LITTLE TREE THAT WENT TO TAKE A WALK.



LITTLE tree there stood
In a pleasant shady wood,
Where many a shrub and bush
And more small trees did push,
Standing so thick along,
They made a real throng.
The little tree must need
Keep very close indeed.
So the little tree she thought,—
And made it clear she ought,—
I'll here no longer stay,
But go elsewhere away,
And try some place to reach,
Where's neither birch nor beech,

Where's neither oak nor fir,
Nor any the like of her.
By myself will I advance,
And dance.

The little tree goes her ways,
And comes up to a place,
Upon an open meadow,
Without a tree to shadow.
Here she stops advancing,
And has her dancing.

Whatever meets her sight
Does the little tree delight ;
The sweetest little spring
Is close by murmuring,
Ready to cool her sweat
In summer's glowing heat.
The beautiful sun-light
Is just as ready quite ;
If the little tree's a-cold,

The sun warms up its mould.
And then a pleasant wind
Bears her a friendly mind,
And helps her with its breath
While dancing on the heath.

The tree it danced and sprung
The entire summer long ;
Till with jumping up and down,
She has wholly lost her crown.
Her crown with its leaves so small,—
From her head she has dropt them all ;
On every side they're strown,
And the little tree has none.
Some in the fountain lay,
And some in the sun's ray ;
The rest of all their kind
Were flying in the wind.

Cold is the autumn's gale,
And the shivering tree grows pale,

And she cries to the spring below :
Give me my leaves here now,
That in the winter drear,
I may have clothes to wear.
The Fountain said,: No more
Can I thy leaves restore ;
I drank them all quite up ;
They are sunk down in my cup.

She turned from the fount her cry,
And called to the Sun on high :
Give me my leaves back, you,
For I'm freezing through and through.
And the Sun replied : No more
Can I the leaves restore ;
They crisp'd up long ago
Within my hot hand's glow.

Then the little tree in haste
Cried to the wind that pass'd :

Give me my leaves again,
Or I sink upon the plain.
And the Wind replied : No more
Can I the leaves restore.
Over the hills they've flown,
Upon my swift wings blown.
Then the little tree spoke low :
Now what I'll do I know.
'Tis too cold here to stay ;
I'll to the wood away,
And, under hedge and bough,
Will find a screen somehow.

The little tree pauses not,
But sets off at a round trot ;
For the wood she scuds along,
To take place among the throng.
She asks the first tree there :
Have you any room to spare ?
The answer is : Not I.
Then another will she try.

But that again has none ;—
So she goes to another one.
All round she makes her race,
But there's not a single space.
Whilst it was pleasant summer,
There was room for no new comer ;
Now, in the winter weather,
They cuddled more together.
She found it all in vain ;—
No foot-hold could she gain.

So off she sadly goes,
And cold, for she had no clothes ;
And as off the poor thing packs,
There comes a man with an axe,
Rubbing his hands and shaking,
As if with the cold he was aching.
Thinks quite bold the little tree :
'Tis a woodcutter, I see.
He'll best cure me, if he will,
Of this dreadful frosty chill.

To bring it to an end,
She cries to the woodman: Friend,
 It pinches me as thee ;
 It pinches thee as me ;
Thou canst be help of mine ;
I can be help of thine.
 Come cut me down,
 And take me to town ;
 And kindle a fire,
 That I can raise higher ;
 So thou warm'st me,
 And I thee.

The woodcutter thought the plan not bad,
And quick to his axe recourse he had.

 At the root the axe he plies,
 And soon root and branch she lies.
 And he saws it, and he splits,
 And he carries home the bits,
 And now and then a billet
 Puts under pot or skillet.

The largest stick of all
Happens our way to fall.
The cook its chips shall bring,
And on the embers fling ;
And for a week entire
They'll make for our soup the fire.

Porridge ! you say.
Well, have your way.



THE PRESENT.



THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

ERE, in these rosy bowers,
Sleep, little bird ! We crave
A spot beneath the flowers
To dig thy early grave.



II.

So charming was thy singing !

Thou wast to us so dear ;

Thy voice hath ceased its ringing,

And we are weeping here.

III.

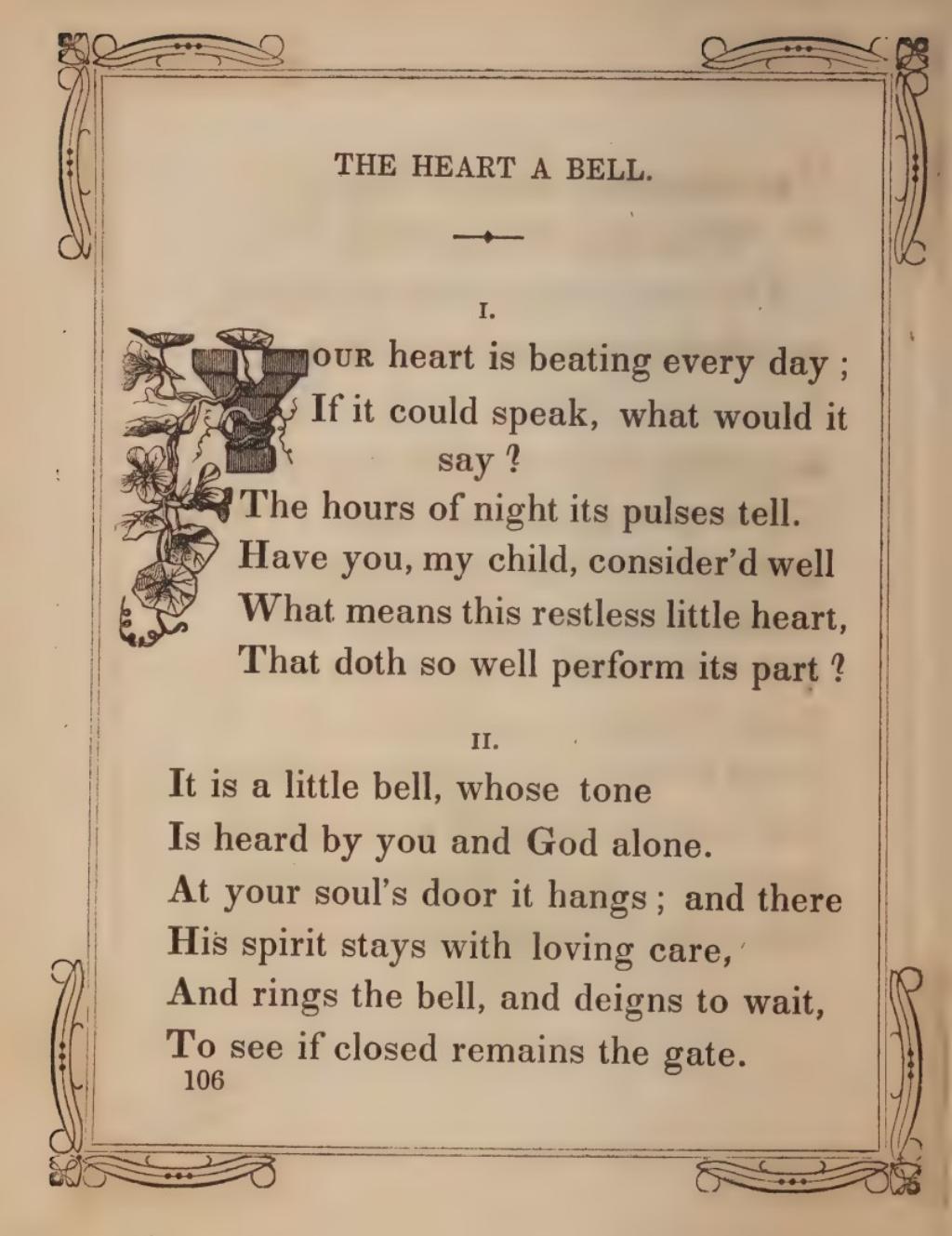
Sweet June waked all her roses

Thy thrilling notes to hear ;

And now with mourning posies

We strew thy silent bier.





THE HEART A BELL.

I.



OUR heart is beating every day ;
If it could speak, what would it
say ?

The hours of night its pulses tell.
Have you, my child, consider'd well
What means this restless little heart,
That doth so well perform its part ?

II.

It is a little bell, whose tone
Is heard by you and God alone.
At your soul's door it hangs ; and there
His spirit stays with loving care,
And rings the bell, and deigns to wait,
To see if closed remains the gate.

He rings and waits. O then begin
At once your prayer, 'Lord, enter in !'

III.

So when its time on earth is past,
Your heart will beat no more at last ;
And when its latest pulse is o'er,
'Twill go and knock at Heaven's door,
And stand without and patient wait,
To see if Christ will ope the gate,
And say, "Here endless joys begin,
Here, faithful servant, enter in !

I was on earth thy cherished guest,
And now in Heaven I give thee rest,
Receive at length thy due reward,
Enjoy the blessings of thy Lord."

THE ASS.

I.



HE Ass is scorned by thoughtless boys,

And passes weary days,

And all cry, What a horrid noise !
When the poor creature brays.

II.

But patiently he bears his load,

Or draws his master's cart

Along the rough and hilly road

From town or village mart.

III.

And children who refuse to walk

The way their teacher asks,

And spend their time in foolish talk,

When they should learn their tasks,

IV.

Will be hereafter, as in youth,
 The lowest of their class,
 And may be called, with perfect truth,
 More stupid than an ass.



JACKY AND DOLLY YOU HERE MAY SEE
 SHAKING PEARS FROM OFF THE TREE.

I.



JACKY SPRAT

To Dolly Dumpling said—
 “ We'll go in the garden
 'Neath the pear-tree's shade.

II.

“ I'll shake down the big pears,
 You shake down the small,
 And then we'll run back home with
 Pears, and bags, and all.

THE BROOM AND THE ROD COME FROM THE SAME TREE,
WHAT ARE THEIR USES YOU HERE MAY SEE.



HE broom, boys, the broom, boys,
What do they with it ?
They sweep with it
The room, boys.

II.

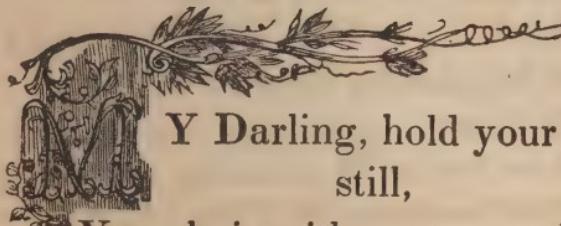
The rod, boys, the rod, boys—
What do they with it ?
They flog with it,
Yes, flog boys.

III.

Lads only, not lasses ;
For girls' care, you see,
Boys' industry
Surpasses.

DRESSING THE HAIR.

I.



Y Darling, hold your head quite
still,

Your hair with neatness plait I will ;
With ribbons red the bands I'll tie,
And violets blue, and rosemary.

II.

Stand still, my darling, like a lamb ;
The comb about to fix I am,
Then place the rosy wreath above,
And so you will be drest, my love.

THE HAWK AND THE OWL.

A GREEDY young Hawk, very early one day,
Accosted an Owl in the following way :—

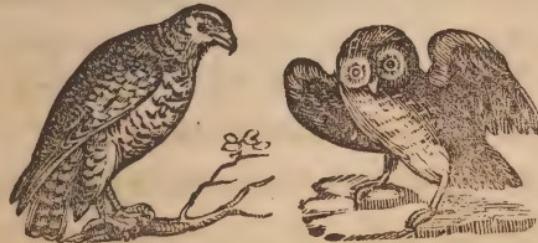
“ Good day, Mrs Owl, may I know why you roam ?
I thought in the day-time you never left home ? ”

“ Last night, Mr Hawk, I could meet with no mice,
And my owlets are longing for something that’s nice ;
You too, I suppose, are in search of some food ;—
Your politeness, I’m sure, will protect my young brood.

“ O certainly, ma’am—but for fear of mistakes,
Describe them :—my want of experience makes
Me ask you this favor. I’m curious in fowls,
But ne’er in my life have I met with young owls.”

“ The task is a pleasure as well as a duty,
They are easily known by their exquisite beauty ;
Last Monday, dear sir, was the day of their birth,
And such lovely young creatures were ne’er seen on
earth.”

They parted ; and, passing an old ruin's side,
The Hawk heard a squeaking—‘here's something,’
he cried,
And spying a hole he at once entered in,
And found the young birds who occasioned the din.
‘ ‘Tis clear, these are not my friend's nestlings,’ said he,
‘ For such hideous monsters I never did see.’
So he ate the poor owlets all up in a trice,
And when the old mother came back with her mice,
She found the nest empty, and cried “ well-a-day !
I now see how justly my father did say—
“ Remember, my child, in old age or in youth,
There is no good excuse for not telling the truth.”



SONG FOR BOYS AT PLAY.

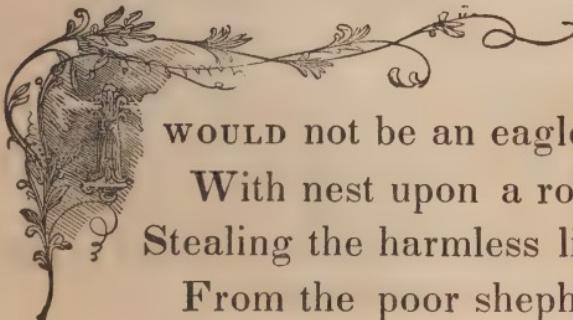


HE rider is riding
Over the ditch ;
If he rides that way,
In he must pitch.
Eyes and nose !
Down he goes.

CHORUS.

A man has fallen in the stream,
Quickly down he sunk ;
The foolish fellow safe had been,
If he had not been drunk.

COME HERE, MY JESSIE ! TELL TO ME,
WHAT KIND OF BIRD YOU'D CHOOSE TO BE.



would not be an eagle fierce,
With nest upon a rock,
Stealing the harmless little lambs
From the poor shepherd's flock.

I would not be a moping owl,
Snoozing in bed all day,
And pouncing on the mice at night,
When they come out to play.

No—I would be a lark, and mount
From the daisy-spangled sod,
With twinkling wings to Heaven's gate,
Singing the praise of God.

[From the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham.]

OF THE LITTLE TREE THAT WANTED TO HAVE OTHER
LEAVES.



Little tree stood up in the wood,
In bright and dirty weather,
And nothing but needles it had
for leaves,
From top to bottom together.
The needles stuck about,
And the little tree spoke out :

My companions all have leaves
Beautiful to see,
While I've nothing but these needles ;
No one touches me.
Might I have my fortune told,
All my leaves should be pure gold.

The little tree's asleep by dark,
Awake by earliest light ;
And now its golden leaves you mark ;—
There was a sight !

The little tree says, Now I'm set high ;
No tree in the wood has gold leaves but I.

But now again the night came back :
Through the forest there walked a Jew,
With great thick beard and great thick
sack,

And soon the gold leaves did view.
He pockets them all and away does fare,
Leaving the little tree quite bare.

The little tree speaks up distress'd :
Those golden leaves I must lament ;
I'm quite ashamed before the rest,
Such handsome dress for them is sent.
Might I bring one more wish to pass,
I'd have my leaves of the clearest glass.

The little tree sleeps again at dark,
And wakes with the early light.
And now its glass leaves you may mark—
There was a sight !
The little tree says : Now I'm right glad,
No tree in the wood is so brightly clad.

There came up now a mighty blast,
And a furious gale it blew ;
It swept among the trees full fast,
And on the glass leaves it flew.
There lay the leaves of glass
All shivered on the grass.

The little tree complains :
My glass lies on the ground ;
Each other tree remains
With its green dress all round.
Might I but have my wish once more,
I would have of those good green leaves
good store.

Again asleep is the little tree,
And early wakes to the light ;
He is covered with green leaves fair to see,
He laughs outright,
And says, Now I am all nicely drest,
Nor need be ashamed before the rest.

And now with udders full,
Forth a wild she-goat sprung,
Seeking for herbs to pull,
To feed her young.

She sees the leaves, nor makes much talk,
But strips all clean to the very stalk.

The little tree again is bare,
And thus to himself he said :
No longer for any leaves I care,
Whether green, or yellow, or red,
If I had but my needles again,
I would never scold nor complain.

The little tree slept sad that night,
And sadly opened his eye ;—
He sees himself in the sun's first light,
And laughs as he would die.
And all the trees in a roar burst out,
But the little tree little cared for their flout.

What made the little tree laugh like mad ?
And what set the rest in a roar ?
In a single night soon back he had
Every needle he had before.
And every body may see them such ;
Go out and look,—but do not touch.

Why stick ?—
They prick.



SIT DOWN ON THE TURF WITH ME,
OUR PET-LAMB'S WILD PRANKS TO SEE.

I.



HE lambkin in the pasture green,
Has wool as soft as silken sheen,
And round its neck a bright red
band ;
It eats crumbs from the children's hand,
Merrily, lambkin, play !

II.

Ma ! ma ! it cries for very joy ;
No one would dare its peace annoy,
Its innocence all hearts doth warm,
O let me stroke thy pretty form,
My little pet, I pray.

III.

Jump ! see how high the lambkin springs !
The bell upon its neck it rings ;
That bell which on the bright red band
Was fastened by Mamma's own hand.

Jump high, my lambkin gay !



IF ANY BOY FOR A SOLDIER WOULD GO,
WHAT HE MUST LOOK FOR THIS SONG WILL SHOW.



I.



WHO WOULD A SOLDIER BE,
Must have a musket tall,
And learn to load it cleverly,
With powder and with ball.

II.

By his left side in leatheren band.
A sword he must not lack ;
So both far off and hand to hand
The foe he must attack.

III.

A horse he'll want to ride a-field,
With spurs of silver bright ;
And bit and rein to make him yield,
When restive in the fight.

IV.

A fine moustache beneath his nose
A helmet on his head,
Else, when the martial trumpet blows,
He is as good as dead.

TO-DAY, YESTERDAY, AND TO-MORROW.

TO- WHICH yesterday its name
DAY Did from *Tomorrow* borrow,
Will its ephemeral title claim
From *Yesterday* tomorrow.

Tomorrow—which we never see,
Though never far away—
What will its name tomorrow be ?
'Twill then be called To-Day.

[From the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham.]

OF THE LITTLE BOY THAT WISHED TO HAVE SOMEBODY
CARRY HIM EVERYWHERE.



ONLY think ! a little boy one day
Went out in the meadow
grounds to stray ;
But there he grew tired sore,
And said : " I can no more .
Would but something come near,
And take me from here ! "

Now a little brook came flowing on,
And took up the little boy anon ;
As on the brook he sits with joy,
" I am well off here," says the little boy.

But what's the matter ? The stream was
cold,

And this full soon to his cost was told.
It began to freeze him sore,

And he said, " I can no more ;
Would but something come near,
And take me from here ! "

Then a little ship came sailing on,
And took up the little boy anon ;
As in the ship he sits with joy,
" I am well off here !" says the little boy.

But do you see ? the vessel was small ;
The little boy thinks, 'I shall presently fall.'

He begins to tremble sore ;
And says, " I can no more ,
Would but something come near
And take me from here ! "

And now a snail comes creeping on,
And takes up the little boy anon ;

In the snail's round house he sits with joy :
“ I am well off here,” says the little boy.
But think ! the snail is no good steed,
And her steps were very slow indeed ;
 He begins to fidget sore,
 And says “ I can no more ;
 Would but something come near
 And take me from here !”

And behold ! a horseman came galloping on
And took up the little boy anon ;
And behind the rider he sat with joy ;
“ I am well off here,” said the little boy.

But look ! like the wind he scoured along;
For the little boy it was quite too strong ;
 He was bump'd about, gall'd sore,
 And said, “ I can no more ;
 Would but something come near,
 And take me from here !”

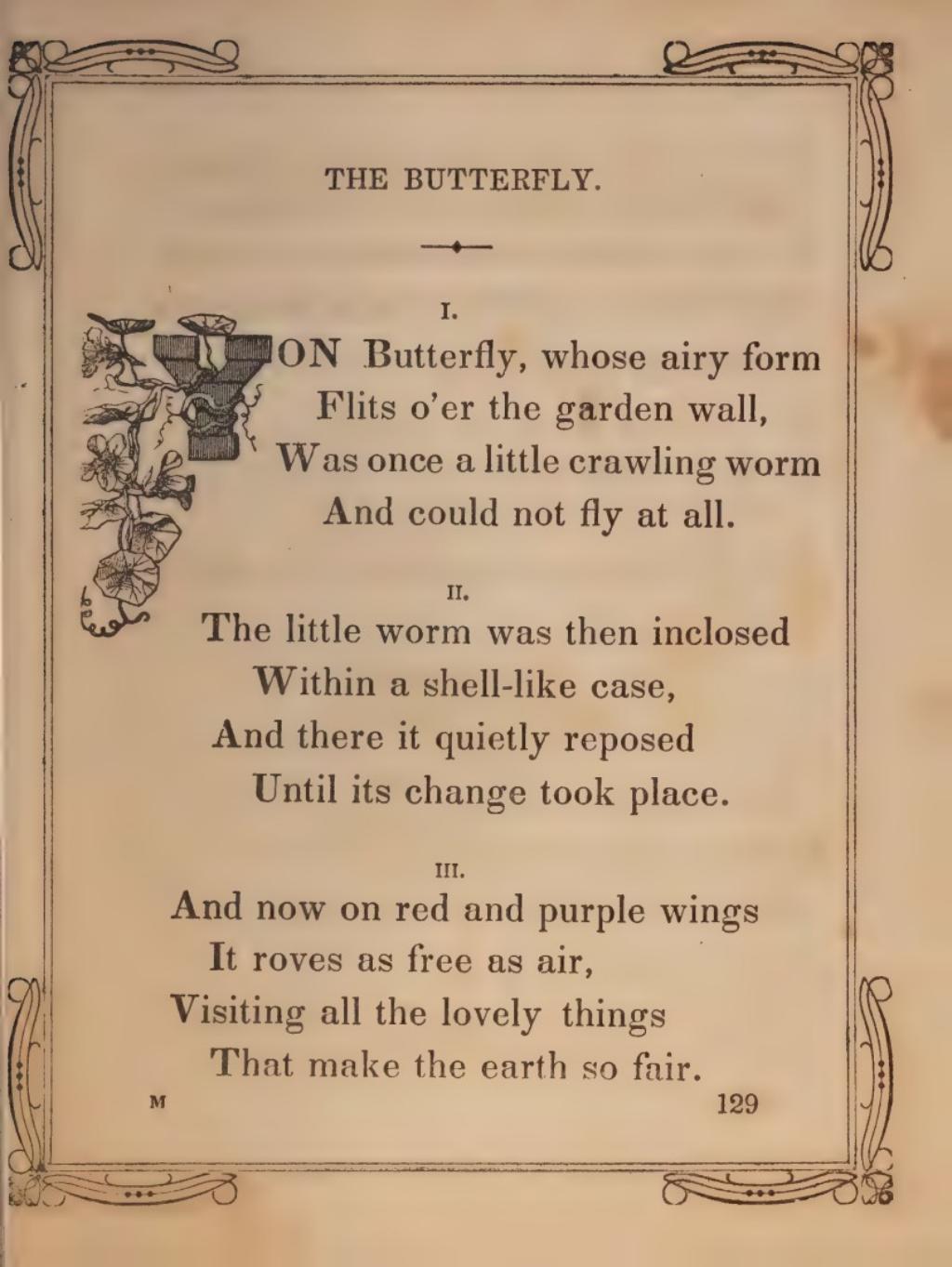
At last a tree that was standing there,
Caught up the little boy by the hair :
High he swings at the end of a bough,
And there the poor boy is kicking now.

The child asks,
“ Did the boy die then ? ”

Answer :

“ No—he is kicking still !
Tomorrow let's go and take him down.”





THE BUTTERFLY.

I.



ON Butterfly, whose airy form
Flits o'er the garden wall,
Was once a little crawling worm
And could not fly at all.

II.

The little worm was then inclosed
Within a shell-like case,
And there it quietly reposed
Until its change took place.

III.

And now on red and purple wings
It roves as free as air,
Visiting all the lovely things
That make the earth so fair.

IV.

And we—if humbly we behave,
And do the will of God,
And strive to follow to our grave
The paths that saints have trod—

V.

Shall find a change more glorious far
Than that which came to light
When, bursting through its prison bar,
The butterfly took flight.

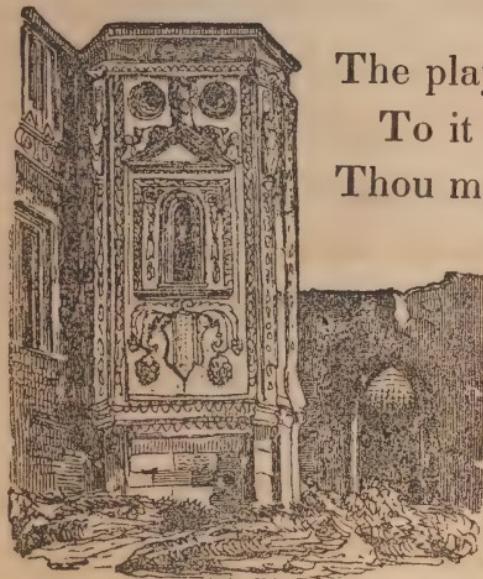
VI.

Thro' Christ, who reigns above the skies,
To us it will be given
Aloft on angels' wings to rise
And taste the joys of Heaven.

[From the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham.]

THE MUSICIAN.

The player tunes his kit ;
To it says he ;
Thou must show thy skill
a bit,
Come, go with
me.



Before a castle
he goes to play ;
'Tis night, and the player fiddles away.
The player says, 'I will not give o'er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more.'

Before the castle a garden lies,
With trees and plants.

They must have seen with some surprise
Their time to dance.

The player before the castle will play,
And the trees set out to dance away.

The player says : ‘ I will not give o’er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more.’

The garden doth contain a lake,
And fish within ;

And they too hear the fiddle’s shake,
And to frisk begin.

The player before the castle will play,
And the trees and the fishes caper away.

The player says : ‘ I will not give o’er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more.’

Within the castle there are some mice ;
He fiddles yet ;

And the little fellows hear in a trice,
 And up they get.

The player before the castle will play ;
Trees, fishes, and mice are dancing away.
The player says, " I will not give o'er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more."

Within the castle are bench and table ;
 They are waking up ;
They hobble along as well as they're able,
 And join the troop.

The player before the castle will play ;
Trees, fish, mice, benches are dancing
 away.

The player says, ' I will not give o'er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more.'

' Are there then here no men at all ? '
 The fiddler cries ;
' I am playing to nothing but the bare wall ;
 They don't open their eyes.

Trees, fish, mice, benches are dancing free,
Will they not come out of their castle to
me ?'

The player says : ' I will not give o'er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more.'

The castle at that begins to feel
Alive ;
And all on end to that wild reel
Will drive.

The player fiddles, the castle jumps,
But the men sleep on, nor will stir their
stumps.

The player says : ' I will not give o'er ;
I must still fiddle one stroke more.'

And the castle jumps till it flies apart
With a crack ;
And the men in bed at last hear, and start,
And wake.

They hear the musician at his play,
And dance with the rest as brisk as they.
The player says : ‘ I will now give o'er ;
Yet still will I fiddle one stroke more.’

“ And why so ? ”
For the little man in the goose.
“ And must he jump loose ? ”
You'll soon know.



[From the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham.]

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE GOOSE.



HE little man went to walk one
day

Upon the roof. Take care !
The roof is narrow, the little man gay ;
He'll surely fall off there.

Before he thinks, down he comes with
a blunder,

But breaks no bones, and that is a wonder.

Under the roof stood a washing tub,
And he sou'sd in quite ;—
It would take to dry him many a rub ;—
Ah ! serv'd him right.

Now the goose comes running up,
And eats the little man at a sup.

The goose had gobbled the mannikin,
For her stomach was large to hold ;
But the mannikin pinch'd her well within,
That must be told.

The goose sets up great lamentation,
And causes the cook-maid great vexation.

Cook takes to her knife the whetter,
For else it would not cut ;
“ The goose cries so, we had better
Apply it to her throat.
We'll kill her, I believe,
For a roast on Christmas eve.”

The goose is pluck'd and drawn by the cook
And roast ;
But the little man dared not take a look,
Thou know'st.

The goose was really cook'd to a charm ;
And what can now the little man harm ?

On Christmas eve comes to table the goose
In a pannikin.

The father carves for present use.

—And the mannikin ?—

When the goose was fairly divided,
The little man creep out at the side did.

The father springs from the table apace,—

Leaves his empty seat afar ;—

The little man quietly taking his place,
Carries into the goose the war.

Quoth he : You have me devour'd :

Now here's for you, you coward.

So the little man eats with an appetite,

As if he alone were seven,

And we all fall on, as if in spite,

To be with the little man even ;

Till nothing is left of the goose but his
mittens,

And they shall be left for the sport of the
kittens.

The mouse nothing won,
And the story is done.

“ What’s all you’ve said, I pray ? ”

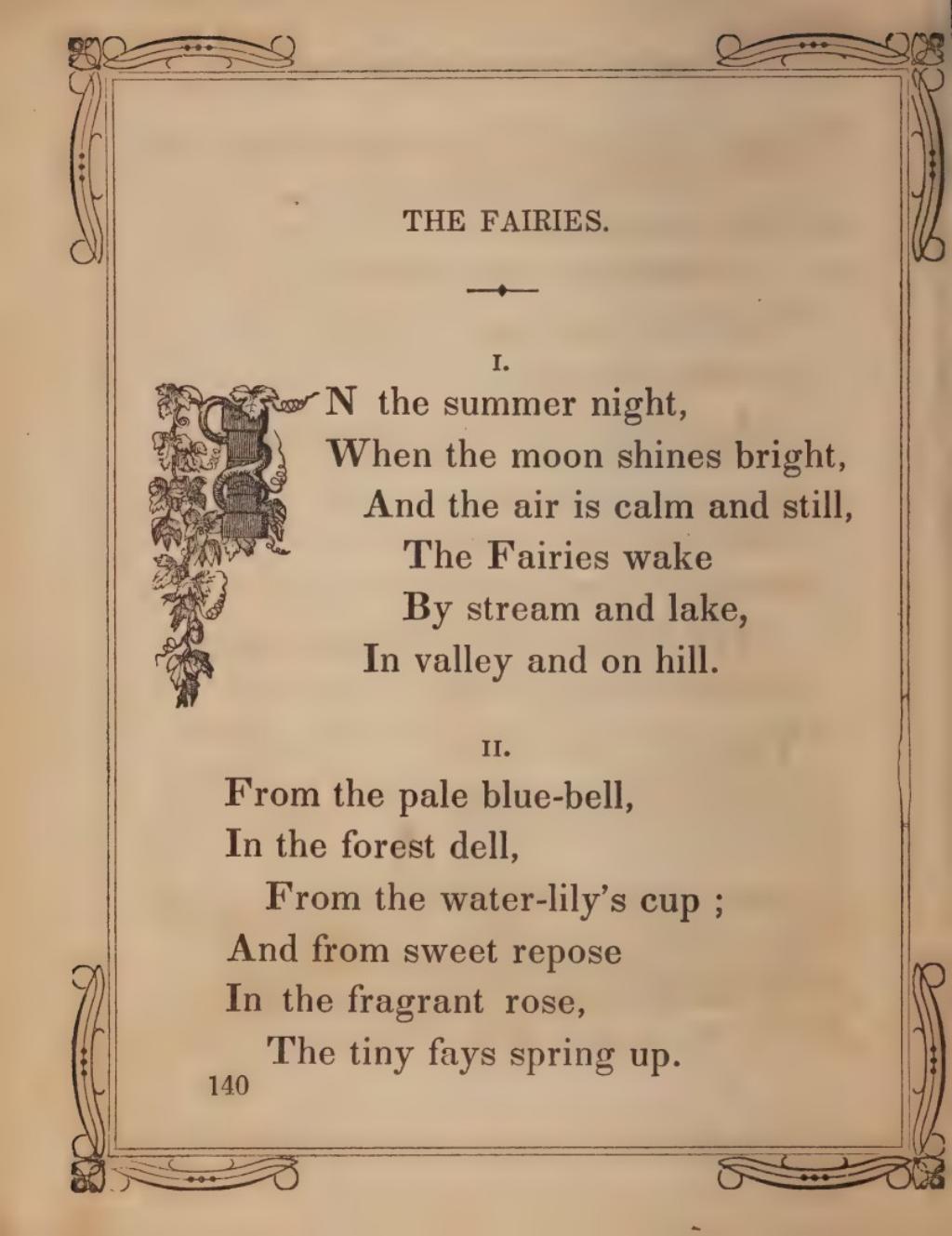
JESTS for Christmas holiday ;

At New-Year thou learnest....

“ Well say....”

To be in EARNEST.





THE FAIRIES.

I.



N the summer night,
When the moon shines bright,
And the air is calm and still,
The Fairies wake
By stream and lake,
In valley and on hill.

II.

From the pale blue-bell,
In the forest dell,
From the water-lily's cup ;
And from sweet repose
In the fragrant rose,
The tiny fays spring up.

III.

With mirth and glee,
And minstrelsy,
Their revels they renew ;
The feast they eat
Is honey sweet,
And they quaff the glistening dew.

IV.

And round and round,
On the mossy ground,
They dance with might and main,
But at morning's light
They flee from sight,
And hide in the flowers again.



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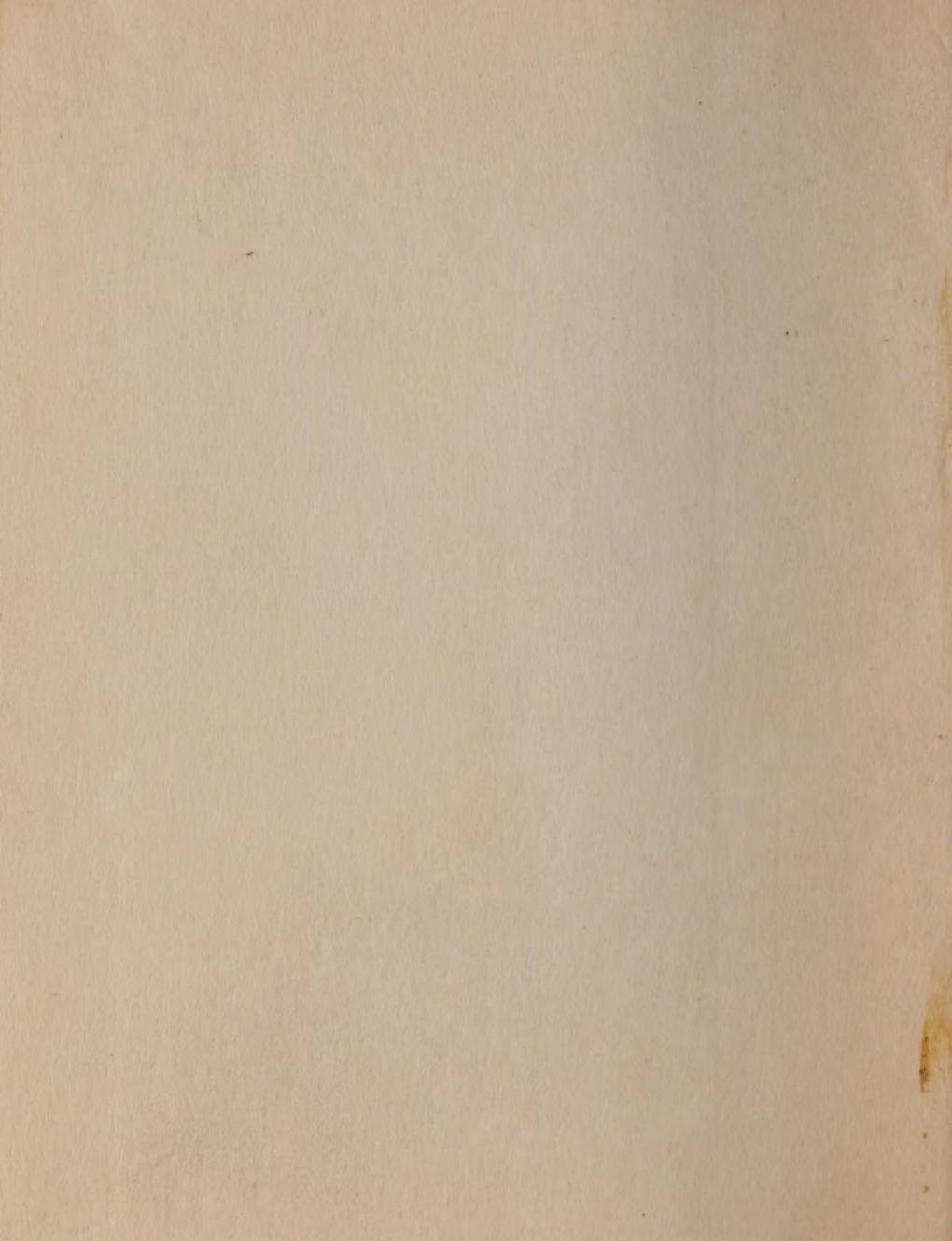
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